

OF INTEREST TO VERMONT

"C. A. W." Writes Concerning Washington Life.

MR. PLUMLEY'S POSITION

Col. C. S. Forbes of St. Albans mistaken for Secretary Knox—Sen. Dillingham Goes to Chicago.

Editor Times: I witnessed an interesting spectacle one night by chance, which demonstrates how carefully the movements of the president are followed. By no premeditated plans and arrangements, the president and I attended the production of "The Harvest Moon" at the New National in the same night. Our seats were somewhat separated, as I was down in a box, where he could almost reach over and touch the footlights, while I was in a position to look down on everybody and everything. There is a separate entrance to the second balcony and for that reason I was able to get to the street sooner than most of the people in the body of the house, and I saw the president's getaway. The ladies of the party entered the machine awaiting their arrival first, and then the president marched across the sidewalk and entered another machine. He had no more than planted himself inside when the machine was off, and like a flash two detectives shot out of the crowd, fairly leaping into a machine directly back of that of the president. The chauffeur pulled the lever into the high speed the very second the door closed behind the detectives, and in a couple more seconds the machine was out of sight. The clockwork precision of every movement connected with the departure of a president is a novel sight.

Speaker Cannon is charged with having too much power, or rather having too much power, but he certainly has a constitutional power that is a marvel. Facing the biggest fight of his life, he entered the House last Saturday, crowded to the very straits of the galleries, cast his eye around the House and took a last puff at his cigar, blowing a cloud of smoke upward. He endured the ordeal with a calmness that was remarkable, and was there with plenty of patriotism when he announced that he would entertain a motion to declare the speaker's chair vacant, when he could more easily have resigned and become a martyr to his party. He said he did not desire to leave the House in a turmoil with a contest for the speakership and thereby impede the work of the remainder of the session. That very evening, when most men would have been "all in," he made a speech before his Illinois friends, and among the first people I noticed at the Foundry Methodist church on Sunday, the next day, was Speaker Cannon, looking as fresh as anybody in his pew, an object lesson to make the heart of a minister, coping with a long string of sick-headache parishioners, glad.

Among some of the special agents employed to gather manufacturing and quarrying statistics for the census bureau in Vermont, who started in work last week, were the following: Eugene R. Fellows of Newport, Herbert E. Clayton and Arthur C. Threlkeld of Montpelier, David W. Johnson of Proctor, Carl J. Kilburn of Manchester and Leslie E. Collins of Ferrisburg.

A very unusual gathering of men made a visit on Senator Dillingham's estate a few days ago. There were delegates representing 350 daily and weekly newspapers published in foreign languages in the United States, in Washington to protest against several bills pending in Congress, aiming at restriction of immigration. Over twenty different languages were represented in the party, and every race, with the exception of the English, the Indian and the German.

Congressman Plumley declared himself in favor of more liberal rules in the House when he voted for the Norris substitute resolution for a committee of ten members instead of five and divesting the speaker of so much power by electing him from that committee. Throughout the historic fight last week, Mr. Plumley had voted with the so-called regular Republicans until it came to the Norris resolution. It was a matter of judgment with him throughout. He voted with the regulars in refusing to sustain an appeal from the decision of the speaker with reference to the consideration of changes in the rules as a constitutional privilege, because he thought in overruling the speaker's decision it would establish a dangerous precedent in the House and throw open the doors for the consideration of all sorts of measures out of the regular order of things and thereby impede progress of legislation. Mr. Plumley has been in favor of more liberal rules and when the Norris substitute resolution was offered, which to Mr. Plumley's mind was an improvement over the original, providing for fifteen members to be chosen by districtization of states, he saw fit to cast his vote for it, although he would not perform the Martin resolution, which would have permitted, if the House so voted, the nominal retention of the speaker on the committee of ten for the remainder of the session. As to his vote against the resolution declaring the speaker's chair vacant, Mr. Plumley said that he would have voted for such a measure, regardless of any personality of the speaker, because he realized that to precipitate a fight for the speakership in the midst of the session would have set back the legislation and thrown the House into chaos.

Senator Dillingham left last week for Chicago, where he will be engaged to speak before the Commercial Club of that city on the subject of immigration. He planned to take dinner on Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Carpenter, widow of the late Senator Matt Carpenter, at Milwaukee.

During Col. C. S. Forbes' visit in Washington recently, he took occasion one morning to go to the Cochran hotel to see Colonel Dillingham. As he was leaving the hotel, the colored man who runs the elevator grabbed him by the arm and

inquired who the gentleman was who had been to the senator's room. When I told him it was Colonel Forbes, he was the most surprised man in the world, for he said he had hoped him out to be Secretary Knox, former senator from Pennsylvania, and there certainly is a strong resemblance.

Governor U. A. Woodbury, who has been spending the winter in Florida, was in the city last week on his way home to Burlington.

Gilbert Davis of Windsor was in the city recently to hear the arguments before the supreme court on the corporation tax case, which was appealed from the U. S. district court in Vermont. Mr. Davis was the attorney who appeared for the defendant in the Vermont test case, the first one to come to the United States supreme court.

C. A. W.

"BUFFALO BILL" AND HIS WIFE MAKE UP

Grandson Effects Reconciliation After Years of Estrangement—To Live Together.

North Platte, Neb., March 28.—Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is here visiting his old home, the first time in nearly ten years. As a result of the visit, he and Mrs. Cody have adjusted their domestic difficulties. The reconciliation was brought about by Cody's son, his grandson.

Nearly ten years ago Cody, while living at Cody, Wyo., brought a suit for divorce, alleging incompatibility and cruelty. Mrs. Cody filed an answer, charging cruelty, failure to provide and numerous other offenses. Friends intervened, but without avail. The case got into court and was partly tried, when a continuance was asked and granted and since that time it has hung on the docket.

Cody's son, who attends the Military Academy at West Point, came here to spend Easter with his grandmother at the old Cody home, now known as Scout's Rest. Unknown to any person, young Cody telegraphed to his grandfather, then in the East, urging him to come here and spend the vacation with him. The invitation was accepted and Friday night Col. Cody arrived, was met by his grandson and taken to the very house where he spent his early married life when he was just a scout, but which is now in charge of W. F. Garlow, who married Miss Irma Cody.

The meeting between the old scout and his wife was most affecting, and as soon as they shook hands they were left to themselves. Shortly afterward they came into the family apartments, their faces wreathed in smiles and told their daughter and grandson the past had been forgotten and that hereafter they proposed to enjoy life together.

SPOUTS OF FIRE LESSEN.

Danger to Villages from Lava Rivers Decreases.

Nicolosi, Sicily, March 28.—The eruption of Mt. Etna, which has been in progress since Wednesday last, was Saturday night decreasing in severity. One river of lava flowing from the crater stopped four kilometers from the village of Borello.

A second stream is moving toward this town, but very slowly. Dr. Paolo Vinassa Dellegny, professor of geology in the university of Catania, who, together with Professor Ricci, director of the observatory on Mt. Etna, had a narrow escape from death when caught in a storm of cinders Friday, said Saturday:

"I believe that the present eruption has few precedents. That of 1892 produced in five months 10,000,000 square yards of volcanic matter, while in the last three days the flow has exceeded 10,000,000 square yards. "Mortello is not in immediate danger, as the flow in that direction has ceased. "It is possible that the lava may yet pour into Nicolosi, but the masses of the phenomenon are such as not to permit of accurate prophecy. The present disturbance evidently is connected with the ferment of the earth, which began with the earthquakes of 1908."

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa.—"I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R.F.D., No. 2, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

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STRANGLED, PARTLY BURNED

Friend Lured Stenographer to Death by Note

FATE OF RUTH WHEELER

Who Sought Work as a Stenographer at the Home of Albert W. Walter in New York City—Walter Is Held.

New York, March 28.—The body of Ruth Wheeler, the little girl graduate, who was lured from her widowed mother on Thursday last by a decoy offer of employment, was found late Saturday, huddled in a gunny sack on a fire escape outside the apartment of Joseph Walter, the man charged with her abduction. She had been strangled with a short end of three-eighths-inch rope, hacked with a knife, burned beyond recognition, and thrust carelessly out of doors like so much rubbish. Identification was only possible by means of scraps of clothing and fragments of jewelry, but there was abundant evidence of how the murder had been done. Around the neck were the charred fibers of manila burlap into the flesh. The apartment reeked with the odor of kerosene. There were oil stains in front of the newly-painted fireboard that hid an open grate. The girl's clothing and hair had been saturated with kerosene, the fireboard had been removed, and the body thrust up the chimney and set fire to.

Saturday afternoon a neighbor living on the same floor of an adjoining house noticed the bundle outside his window and, thinking it refuse, poked it off the fire escape into the backyard with a broom handle. The bundle fell with a crash. With his curiosity more than his suspicions aroused, he hurried down stairs to have the janitor investigate. When the two men cut the strings that bound the sacking, there rolled out before them the full horror of an atrocious murder. Both fled for the police.

Ruth Wheeler was 15 years old, the youngest of three sisters bred by their mother, a dressmaker, to self-support. Both the elder sisters were stenographers and Ruth had just graduated from a business school. An employment agency for graduates is conducted by the school, and Ruth called there often to look for a situation. Thursday morning she left home on her usual errand and never returned. The girl had been carefully brought up. She was never on the streets at night and her failure to come home for 24 hours without explanation meant more than a crime. The next morning her sisters, Pearl and Adelaide, in serious concern, went to the school and learned that the following post card had been turned over to her:

"Dear Madam: Please call in reference to position as stenographer at residence of the secretary. A. Walter. "222 East Seventy-fifth street."

Investigation at the address given soon showed that Walter, a youth of about 20, had left the apartment where he lived with his wife earlier in the same day. He received many calls from young girls, said the landlady, and she had particularly noticed that the one who called Friday was fresher of face and better dressed than the ordinary run of them. Walter had fled, the detectives waited for his wife. When she appeared, they trailed her to a corner, where she met a man answering Walter's description. He was immediately arrested, taken back to the room he had vacated and searched. At first he denied writing postal cards to business schools, but when the detectives turned up answers from business schools addressed to him at various house numbers he admitted the correspondence, but could not explain it.

Before a magistrate he had nothing to say, but to others he admitted that the woman with whom he was living was not his wife. He met her soon after coming to this country from Germany two years ago, he said; they fell in love and set up housekeeping. Last summer he and she had worked at Irvington, N. Y., at a boardinghouse. They went to New York City last month, and since then the woman had supported him by working in a laundry.

The discovery of the body Saturday immediately caused a second search of Walter's vacated apartments, and a rigid examination of the tenants adjoining. In the ashes of the fireplace were found the charred bones of a woman's feet, a portion of an arm bone, a woman's part, and a bundle containing a man's night shirt, on which was embroidered the initial "W."

Walter was committed to the Tombs without bail yesterday, charged with the girl's murder. As a continuation of the police quiz to which he was subjected Saturday night, he persisted yesterday in his denials that he had ever seen the girl, ever had written to her, or knew how her body came to be on the fire escape outside his window, or why fragments of human feet, hands and arms, all partly incriminated, were found in the ashes of his fire place.

The parents of Walter were found Saturday night. The father, a piano tuner from Dresden, Germany, said that Albert was two years younger than the age he gave the police, being 18. The

father found work for Albert in a piano factory, and when the boy threw up that job, later with an oil firm, Albert stole \$18 from his employers, the father said, and fled, but was caught. The father paid back the money and had not seen his son since. In a vague way, the mother, however, had kept in touch with her son. She knew that he had set up housekeeping with a woman to whom she was not married, and Friday, when the woman went to her with news that Albert had been arrested, the mother recognized her and accompanied her to court. When Albert was held in \$5,000 bail, charged with abduction and the case put over for a further hearing, Mrs. Walter had asked the girl if she was going back to the apartment Albert had vacated, for her belongings. "No, no," she says the girl replied, "I'm never going back again. It's too ghastly." In the meantime, the woman has disappeared entirely.

Pearl Wheeler, one of the elder sisters, told Saturday night of an interview she had with Walter in his rooms before he fled, and before she complained to the police. He denied having seen her sister or having been in correspondence with her, but she noticed with terror that he looked the door on her as soon as she entered the room and would only sneak it on her threats to shriek for the police. It was her unfavorable impression of this interview that carried her to the detective bureau, but when officers returned to the house their man was gone.

Detectives who searched Walter's rooms said they believe he was a procurer. Among his effects were found obscene photographs and a notebook filled with the names and addresses of girls, with their ages, wages, weight and details of amorous notes. Among the names, the detectives say, was that of Ruth Wheeler. They believe that he obtained the names from employment agencies and business schools, who have lists of girls looking for work.

Katie Miller, or Katie Miller Mueller, the girl with whom he had lived, was arrested yesterday as she approached the house where the murder was committed. During a long examination by the police, she held steadily to a consistent story that she knew nothing of the crime until she read of it in the newspapers. On Thursday night, when she returned from work at the laundry, where she earned six dollars—and gave it all to Walter—she said she noticed that the store in front of the house had been moved, the fireboard newly painted and a colored lithograph pasted over the hole where the stovepipe formerly entered. When she asked Walter why he had done this, he had answered that summer was coming and they wouldn't need the stove.

She had not even known that Walter received a visitor, she says, until Pearl Wheeler, the dead girl's elder sister, had called on Friday morning to ask if Ruth had been there. When she was shown the night shirt in which part of the charred body had been wrapped, the girl positively identified the garment as Walter's. She also identified the gunny sack in which the head and trunk of the victim had been placed as being used by her and Walter to hold kindling wood. The girl was committed to the house of detention as a material witness.

An autopsy yesterday showed that Ruth Wheeler had been strangled with a rope, and then the bones of the arm and legs were broken to admit the body more readily to the narrow throat of the chimney. Why the cuts on the body were made does not appear.

BODY AT BELLWOS FALLS.

Funeral of Henry M. Kimball to Take Place Tomorrow.

Bellows Falls, March 28.—The body of Henry M. Kimball, who died at Hotel Vendome, Boston, on Friday, was brought here Saturday. The funeral will take place at Immanuel church Tuesday, at 4 p. m., Rev. A. C. Wilson officiating, assisted by Rev. J. Hill of Concord, N. H.

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If You Don't Know



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PASTOR AND WIFE GONE; FLOCK IN GREAT WONDER

He Talked of Undergoing a Threat Operation, but Took His Household Goods.

Durham, Conn., March 28.—The members of the Congregational church in this town are greatly perturbed by the continued absence of the Rev. Chester H. Sweet, the pastor. He and his wife departed for Boston six weeks ago, taking their household effects.

Mr. Sweet left his brother in charge of his work. He said he intended to have an operation performed on his throat. Since his departure he has sent no word to the church board and the members do not know where he is.

WISER HORSES, WISER DRIVERS.

Tactics That Removed an Obstruction in the Building Business.

According to the story told by the president of a construction company, if the rents are higher in a certain neighborhood this fall it will be owing to the sagacity of a team of horses. These

horses have caused an increase in the payroll of the company, and as every one knows, it is the ultimate consumer that has to stand all such increases.

For several weeks this team had been hauling steel for an apartment house that is being erected on Seventy-ninth street, near Riverside drive. It was a short haul, the steel being unloaded at the foot of West Seventy-ninth street pier.

All went well on the first trip until the horses reached their former stopping place. Here to the disgust of the driver they stood still.

Now, to start a truck loaded with four tons of steel on a steep hill is quite a proposition, and when the streets are covered with snow and ice it is almost an impossibility. Coaxing and threats profusely garnished with choice expletives, as well as the volunteered advice and services of the passing men, women and children, were of no avail. It was only after another team had been procured and hitched in front of the original team that a start was made.

The following trips were a repetition of the first. These delays, exasperating at first, were getting costly; time is valuable in the building business. Something must be done. There was

no way of reaching Broadway without passing the magnetic spot. This was finally accomplished by a driver, who kept the team on a run until they were past their wanted stopping place and were headed well up Broadway.—New York Sun.

Salmon on Surprise.

Line a slightly-battered small bread-pan or other mold with warmed, steamed rice. Fill the center with flaked canned salmon, seasoned with salt, pepper and a slight grating of nutmeg. Cover with rice, set in a pan of hot water and let cook forty-five minutes. Remove to a hot serving-dish, pour egg-sauce around it and garnish with sprigs of parsley. Egg-sauce is made after this fashion: Melt three tablespoonsful of butter, add three tablespoonsful of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupsful of hot water. Bring to the boiling-point and let boil three minutes; then add three tablespoonsful of butter bit by bit, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one and one-half teaspoonful of lemon-juice and the slightly beaten yolks of two eggs.—Lillian Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for March.



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